

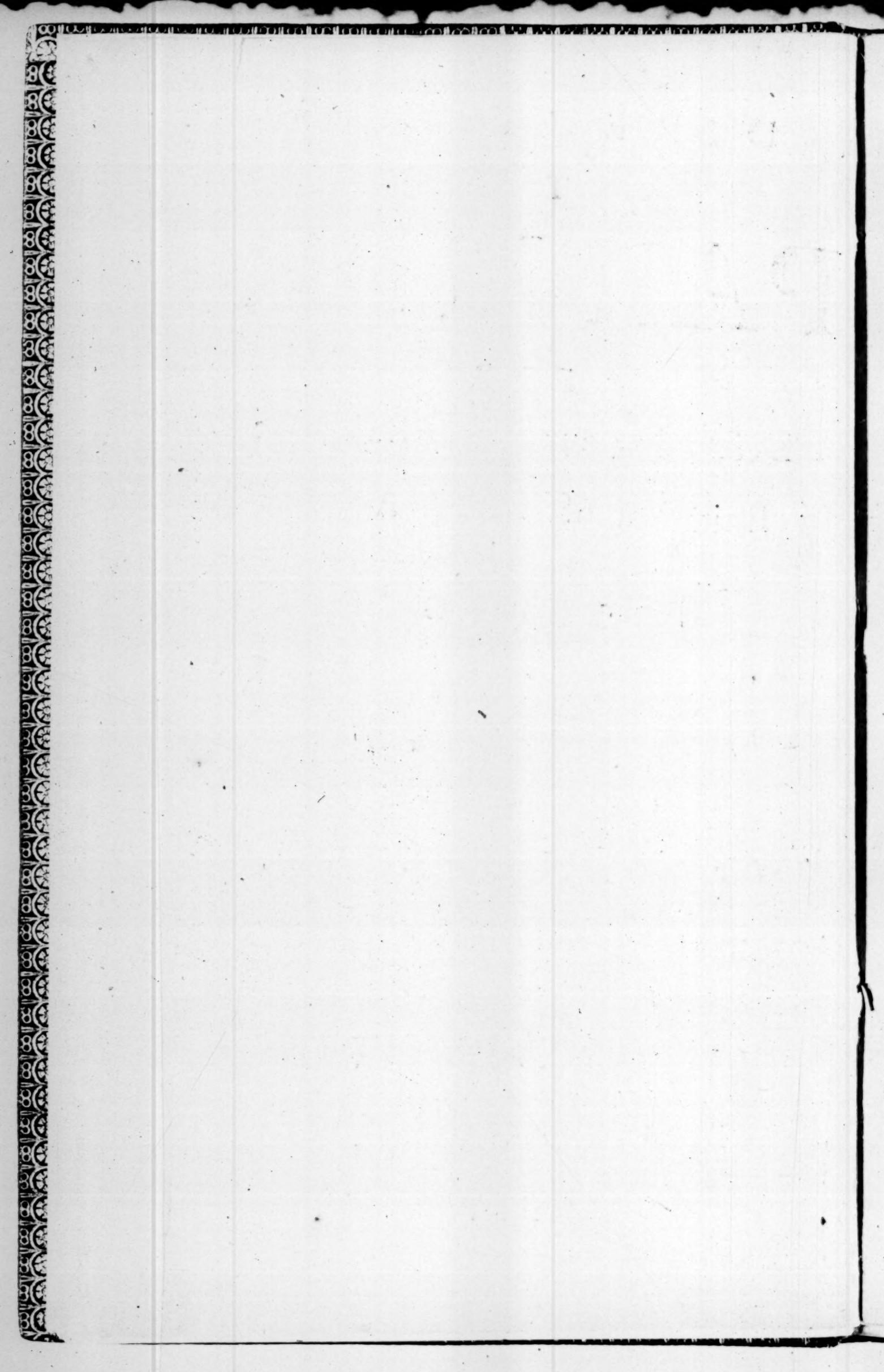
DIRECTIONS
TO A
PAINTER.

FOR
Describing our Naval Business :
In Imitation of Mr. WALLER.

BEING
The Last Works
OF
Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Whereunto is annexed,
CLARINDONS House-Warming.
By an Unknown AUTHOR.

Printed in the Year 1667.





DIRECTIONS
TO A
PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

NAy Painter, if thou darst design that fight,
Which *Waller* only courage had to write,
If thy bold bands can without shaking draw
What ev'n th' Actors trembled at when they saw,
Enough to make thy colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils bristle like their Hairs.)

First in fit distance of the prospect main,
Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coast of *Spain* ;
Heroick act ! and never heard till now !
Stemming of *Herc'les* pillars with the prow !
And how he left his Ships the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.

B

Nexte

Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
 Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to rebuild it new;
 What less r Sacrifice than this, was meet
 To offer for the safety of the Fleet?
 Blow one ship up, another thence will grow:
 See what free Cities and wise Courts can do!
 So some old Merchant, to insure his Name,
 Marries a frell, and Coutiers share the Dame:
 So whatsoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
 And Grasses are more durable than Plate.
 No May'r will now, so rich a Pageant faign'd,
 Nor one Barge all the Company's contain'd.

Then Painter, draw Cerulean *Coventry*,
 Keeper, or rather Chancelour o'th' Sea;
 And more exactly to express his hue,
 Use nothing but *Ultra-Marinish Blew*.
 To pay his fees, the silver Trumpet spends,
 And Boat-swains whistle, for his place depends.
 Pilots in vain repeat their Compasso'er,
 Until of him they learn that one point more.
 The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
 Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muscovy sells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar;
 Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munster*, War;
Ashly, Prize; *Warwick*, Customs; *Cart'ret*, Pay;
 But *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas Wings,
 Swoln like his puise, with Tacking like his strings,
 By slow degrees of the increasing gale,
 First under sail, and after under sail:
 Then in kind visit unto *Opdam's Gout*,
 Hedge the Dutch in, onely to let them out.
 So huntmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
 First find them, and then civilly withdraw.

That

That the blind Archer, when they take the Seas,
The Hambrrough-Convoy may betray with ease.
So, that the fish may more securely bite,
The Angler baits the River over night.

But Painter, now prepare t' enrich thy piece,
Pencil of Ermins, Oyl of Ambergreece :
See where the Dutchess with triumpha it trail
Of numerous Coaches, Harwich does assail !
So the Land-Crabs, at Natures kindly call,
Down to ingender to the Sea do crawl.
See then the Admiral with Navy whole,
To Harwich through the Ocean carry Cosl :
So Swallows buried in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their Wing.

One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother Pearl,
Suffic'd, of old, the Citherean Girl ;
Yet Navies are but proper its when here,
A small Sea-Mask, and built to court your Dear :
Three Goddesses in one, Pallas for art,
Venus for sport, but Juno in your heart.
O Dutchess ! if thy Nuptial pomp was mean,
Tis paid with intrest in thy Naval Scene.
Never did Roman Mark within the Nile,
So feast the fair Egyptian Crocodile ;
Nor the Venetian Duke with such a state
The Adriatick mirry, at that rate.

Now Painter, spare thy weaker Art, forbear
To draw her parting passions, and each tear ;
For Love, alas ! hath but a short delight :
The Sea, the Dutch, the King, all call to fight.
She therefore the Dukes perlon recommends
To Brunker, Pen, and Coventry, her friends ;
To Pen much, Brunker more, most Coventry :
For they she knew were all more fraid then he :

4 Directions for a Painter

Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the Fin,
 And hop'd by this he through the air might spin ;
 The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
 By the invention of the Diving Bell ;
 The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
 Cyclo you durst not him, was impenititable.
 But as the Duke rejected, onely chose
 To keep far off ; let others interpose.
 Ruyer, that knew no fear, but health did want,
 Kept his suspens'd in a Chair volant ;
 And save his head shut in that wooden case,
 He shew'd but like a broken Weather-glass ;
 But arm'd with the whole Lyon Cap-a-Chin,
 Did represent the *Hercules* within.
 Dear shall the Dutch histwinging anguish know,
 And see what valour whet with pain can do.
 Come in theye in time be that treach'rous fact,
 That through his princely Temples drove the Nail.
 Ruyer resolv'd to fight it like a Lyon,
 And Sandrich hop'd to fight it like *Arius* ;
 He to prolong his Life in the dispute,
 And claim the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
 Till some judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
 And land him safe and sound as any Roach.

New Painter, reassume thy Pencils care,
 That haft but skirmish'd yet, now fight prepare,
 And draw the Battel terrible to show,
 As the last Judgement wasto *Anneslow*.

First let our Navy scour through silver froth,
 The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdoms both ;
 While very bulk may represent its birth,
 From *Hide* and *Paffon*, burthens of the Earth ;
 Hence whose transcendent pance so swells of late,
 That ke the Rupture seems of Law and State ;

Paffon

Paston whose belly bears more Millions
Than Indian Carricks, and contains more tuns.
Let shalbs of Porpoises on every side
Wander intwining by our Oak out-vy'd ;
With the Seafowl all gaze, t' behold a thing
So vast, more swift and strong than they of wing.
But with pie-saging George, yet keep in sight,
And follow for the Reliques of a fight.
Then let the Dutch with well-dismembled fear,
Or bold despair, more than we wish, draw near :
At whichour Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
And more to fight, their easie Stomachs render,
With breasts so panting, that at ev'ry stroke
You might have felt their hearts beat through the
Whole o're concerned in the Interval (Oak :
Or training choller, thus did vent his Gall :
 No sh be damn'd ! and all his Race accurst,
Who in Seas brine did pickle Timber first !
 What though he planted Vines, he Pines cut down,
He taught us how to drink, and how to drown :
He first built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
Saving but eight, e'er since endanger'd all.
And thou Dutch Necromantick Fryar, be damn'd,
And in thine own first Mortar-piece be ram'd !
Who first invented Canon in thy Cell,
Nitre from Earth, and Brimstone fetch from Hell.
But damned and treble damned be Clarendine,
Our seventh Edward, with all his House and Line :
Who to divert the danger of the War
With Bristol, bounds us on the Hollander :
Fool-coated Gowman ! sells, to fight with Hance,
Dunkirk ; dismantling Scotland, quarrels France :
And hopes he now hath bus'ness shap'd, and power
T' out-las i our Lives or his, and scape the Tower ;

*And i bat he yet may see, ere he go down,
His dear Clarinda circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach dispute;
And each the other mortally salute:
Draw pensive Neptune biting of his Thumbs,
To think himself a Slave, whoe'er o'ercomes.
The frightened Nymphs retreating to their Rocks,
Beating their blew Breasts, tearing their green Locks.
Paint Echo slain, onely th' alternate sound
From the repeating Cannon do h rebound.
Opdam sails placed on his Naval Throne,
Assuming Courage greater than his own;
Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
To nail him to his Boards, like a Petar;
But in the vain attempt, took fire too soon,
And flies up in his ship to catch the Moon.
Mounsieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
In theusand sparks, then daircingly fal back.
Yet ergo this happen'd, Destiny allow'd
Him his revenge, to make his death more proud;
A fatal Bullet from his side did range,
And batter'd *Lawson*: Oh too dear exchange!
He led our Fleet that day too short a space,
But lost his knee; since dy'd in Glory's Race:
Lawson! whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
And still fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
The Duke himself, tho Pez did not forget,
Yet was not out of dangers random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some say 'twas to grow Duke too, by contract;
An untaught Bullet in its wanton scope,
Dashes Him. all to pieces, and his Hope.
Such was his rise, such was his fall, unprais'd;
A chance-shot sooner took him than *Chance* rais'd:

His

Directions for a Painter.

7

His shatter'd Head the fearless Duke distains,
And gave the last first-proof that he had brains.
Bartlet had heard it soon, and thought not good
To venture more of Royal *Harding's Blood* :
To be immortal he was not of age,
And did ev'n now the *Indian Prize* presage ;
And judge'd it safe and decent, cost what cost,
I lost the day, since his dear Brother's lost :
With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
The *Dutch Aurora* careless, at us sail'd,
And promised to do what *Opdam* sail'd ;
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
And cleaves there closer than a *Remora* :
The Captain wonder'd, and withal disdain'd,
So strongly by a thing so small, detain'd,
And in a raging brav'ry to him runs,
They stab their ships with one another's Guns ;
They fight so near, it seems to be on ground,
And ev'n the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
The noise, the smoak, the fire, the sweat, the blood,
Is not to be exprst, nor understand.
Each Captur from his quarter-deck commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their
All Luxury of War, all man can do (hands.
In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two :
But one must conquer, whosoever fight,
Smith takes the Gyant, and is made a Knight.
Marlborough that knew, and durst do more than all,
Falls undistinguisht by an Iron-Ball :
Dear Lord ! but born under a Star ingrate !
No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy fate !
Who would set up Wars Trade that means to thrive ?
Death picks the Valiant out, Cowards survive :

What

What the Brave merit, th' Impudent do vaunt,
 And none's rewarded but the Sycophant :
 Hence all his Life he ag'inst Fortune fenc'd,
 Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd :
 But envy not this private of his memory,
 None more prepar'd was, or less fit to die.
Rupert did others and himself excell ;
Holme, Tydman, Minns ; bravely *Sanson* fell.
 What others did, let one omitted, blame,
 I shall record, whoe'er brings in his Name :
 But unless after stories disagree,
 Nine ore'y came to fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* los's ;
 The wind, the fire, we, they themselfes do cross.
 When a saecle sleep began the Duke to drown,
 And with iost Diadems his Temples crown :
 And si & He orders all the rest to watch,
 And They the Foe, whil'st *He a Nap* doth catch :
Bucke, Brunkar by a secre instinct,
 Slept not, nor needed, he all day had wirkt.
 The *Duke* in bed, he then first draws his steel,
 Whose vertue makes the milled Compais wheel.
 So ere *He wak'd*, both *Fleets* were innocent :
And Brunkar Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like those,
 'Twere time that I and thou too do repose.
 But all our Navy scap'd so sound of Limb,
 That a short space serv'd to refresh and trim ;
 And a tame Fleet of theirs doth Convoy want,
 Laden with both the Indies, and Levant :
 Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our own,
 And *Halcyon Sandwich* doth command alone :
 To Bergen we with confidence made haste,
 And th' secret spoils by hope already taste ;

Thought

Though Clifford in the Character appear
Of Supra-Cargo to our Fleet and their ;
Wearing a Signet ready to clasp on,
And seiz all for his Master *Arlington.*

Ruyter whose little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
And wasted our remotest Colonies ;
With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way ;
Sandwich would not disperse, nor yet delay ;
And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
To scape his sight and flight, shut both his Eyes ;
And for more state and sureness, cutting true,
The left Eye closeth, the right *Monneague* ;
And even *Clifford* proferr'd in his zeal,
To make all safe, t' apply to both his Seal.

Ulysses so, till Syrens he had past,

Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Mast.

Now can our Navy view the wished Port,
But there (to see the fortune !) was a Fort :
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat ;
Fools onely fight, the *Prudent* use to treat.
His Cousin *Montague* by Court-disaster,
Dwindled into the wooden Horse's Master,
To speak of peace seem'd amongst all most proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper :
Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition ?
With friends or foes what would we more condition ?
Yet we three days, till the Dutch furnish'd all,
Men, Powder, Money, Cannon, — treat with Wall !
Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.
And *Mountague*, though drest like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd :
Sad was the chance, and yet a deeper care,
Wrinkled his Membrains under forehead fair.

The Dutch *Armado* yet had th' impudence
To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence ;
For as if all their ships of Walnut were,
The more we beat them, still the more they bear ;
But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
Brings *Sandwich* back, and once ag'in did blind.

Now gentle Painter, ere we leap on shore,
With thy last strokes ruffle a tempest o'er ;
As if in our reproach, the Wind and Seas
Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease ;
The Seas the spoils within our Hatches throw,
The Winds both Fleets into our Mouths do blow :
Screw all their Ships along the shore by ours,
As eas'ly to be gather'd up as Flow'rs :
But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to mistake
A Man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
Two Indian ships pregnant with Eastern Pearl,
And Diamonds, face th' Officers and Earl :
Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.
Meanwhile the *Dutch* uniting, to our shames,
Ride all insulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames* !

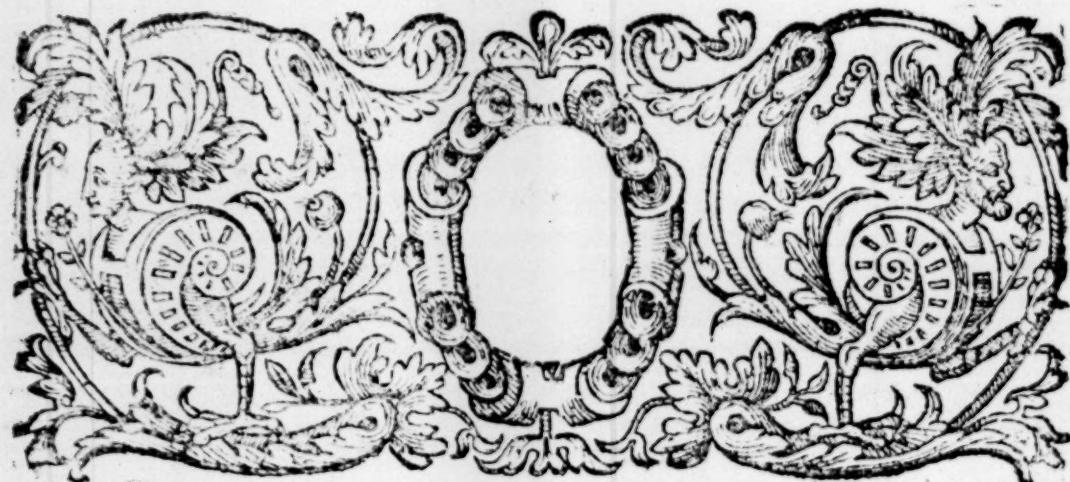
Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice
For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoice :
He meets the *French* ; but to avoid all harms
Ships to the *Groyn* : *Embassies bear no Arms* :
There let him languish a long Quarantain,
And ne'er to *England* come, till he be clean.

Thus having fought, we know not why as yet,
We've done we know not what, nor what we get :
If to espouse the Ocean all this pains ;
Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains :
If to discharge Phanaticks, this makes more ;
For all Phanaticks are, when they are poor :

Or if the House of Commons to repay,
Their Prize-Commissions are transferr'd away :
But for triumphant Check-stones if, and shall
For Dutchess Closet, 't hath succeeded well.
If to make Parliaments as odious pass,
Or to reserve a standing force, else !
Or if, as just, ORANGE to re-instate,
Instead of that, be is regenerate :
And with four Millions vainly giv'n as spent,
And with five Millions more of detriment,
Our sum amounts yet onely to have won
A bastard Orange for Pimp Arlington.

Now may Historians argue *con* and *pro* ;
Denham says thus ; though always *wallers* :
And he good Man, in his long sheet and staff,
This penance did for Cromwells Epitaph :
And his next Theam must be o' th' Dukes Mistres,
Advice to draw Madam *P' Edificatress*.

Henceforth, O Gemini ! two Dukes Commanded,
Castor and *Pollux*, *Aumarle* and *Cumberland*.
Since in one ship, it had been fit they'd went
In Petty's Double-Keel'd Experiment.



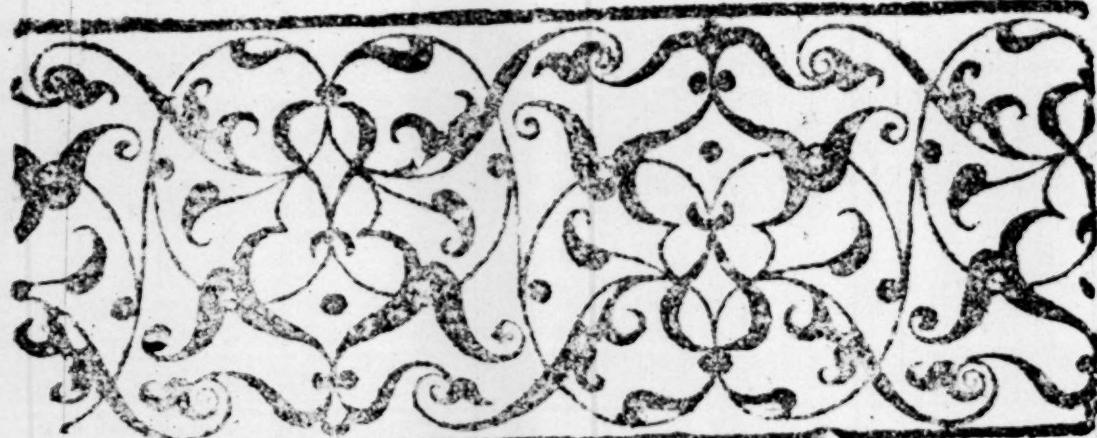
TO THE K I N G.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Imperial Prince! King of the Seas and Isles!
Dear Object of our Joy, and Heavens smiles!
What boots it that thy Light doth gild our days,
And we lie basking in thy milder Rays;
While swarms of Insects, from thy warmth begun,
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
Thou, like Joves Minos, ru'st a greater Creet;
And for its hundred Cities, count'st thy Fleet.
Why wilt thou that state-Dædalus allow,
Who builds the Bull, a Labrinth and a Cow?
If thou art Minos, be a Judge severe,
And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.

O may our Sun, since he too nigh presumes,
Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his plumes !
And may he falling leave his hated Name
Unto those Seas his War hath set on flame !
From that Inchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
Thy native fight will peirce within the Skies,
And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
Where's Universal Triumph, but no Fight.
Since both from Heav'n thy Race and Pow'r descend,
Rule by its pattern there to reascend.
Let Justice only awe, and Battel cease :
Kings are but Cards in War, they're Gods in Peace.

DIRE.



DIRECTIONS
TO A
PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Sandwich in Spain now, and the Duke in love,
Let's with new Gen'rls a new Painter prove:
Lilly's a Dutchman, danger's in his Art,
His Pencils may Intelligence impart.

Thou *Gibson*, that amongst the Navy small
Of Muscle-shells, commandest Admiral,
Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
Come mix thy Water-colours, and express,
Drawing in little, what we yet do less.

First paint me *George* and *Rupert* ratling far
Both in one Box, like the two Dice of VVar;

And let the terror of their linked Name,
 Fly through the Air like Chain-shot, tearing Fame:
*F*ove in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a clap.
 United Gen'rals sure are th' onely spell
 VVherewith United Provinces to quell:
 Alas, even they, though shell'd in treble Oak,
 VVill prove an Addle Egge, with double Yolk.
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
 And loo them at two Hares ere one be found:
*R*upert to *Beaufort*; halloo! ah there *Rupert*:
 Like the phantaſtick hunting of *St. Hubert*,
 VVhen he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
 Pursues by *Fountain-bleau* the witchy Hare.
 Deep providence of State! that could so soon
 Fight *Beaufort* here, ere he had quit *Taloon*.

So have I seen, ere Humane Quarrels rise,
 Fore-boding Meteors combate in the Skies.
 But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
 The Gen'ral meets a more substantial Foe:
Ruyter he spies, and full of youthful heat,
 Though half their number, thinks the odds too great.
 The Fowler watching so his watry spot,
 And more the Fox, hopes for the better shot.
 Though such a Limb was from his Navy torn,
 He found no weakness yet, like *Samson* shorn;
 But swoln with sense of former Glory won,
 Thought *Monk* must be by *Albemarle* out-done:
 Little he knew with the same Arm'd & Stord,
 How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferior unto none for Heart,
 Superior now in Number and in Art,
 Ask'd if He thought, as once our Rebel-Nation,
 To co. quer Th^eirs too, with a Declaration?

And threatens, though he now so proudly sail,
 He shall tread back his *Icer Boreale*:
 This said, he the short period, ere it ends,
 With Iron-Words from Brazen-Mouths extends:
Monk yet prevents him, ere the Navies meet,
 And charges in himself alone a Fleet;
 And with so quick and frequent motion wound
 His murthering sides about, the Ship seem'd round;
 And the Exchanges of his Circling Tire,
 Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
 Single He doth at their whole Navy aim,
 And shoots them through a Porcupine of Flame.
 In noise so regular his Cannons met,
 You'd think that Thunder was to Musick set:
 Ah had the rest but kept a time as true,
 What Age could such a Martial Consort shew!
 The listening Air unto the distant shore,
 Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned roar;
 Till as the Echo's, vanishing, abate,
 Men feel a dead sound like the pulse of State.
 If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
 His Guns determine who shall live or dye.
 But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, bu' *Skill* is her *Gallant*:
Ruiter no less with virtuous Envy burns,
 And Prodigies for Miracles returns:
 Yet he observ'd how still his Iron-Balls
 Recoy'd in vain against our Oaken-Walls;
 How the hard Pellers fell away as dead,
 By our enchanted Timber fillipped.
 Leave then, said he, th' invulnerable Keel,
 We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel:
 He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemma's through our sinew'd Shrouds.

Foileſ

Forrests of Masts fall with their rude embracē,
Our stiff Sails mastē, and netted into Lace ;
Till our whole Navy lay their wanton mark,
Nor any ship could sail but as the Ark.

Shot in the wing, so at the Powder's call,
The disappointed Bird doth fluttering fall.
Yet Monk disabled, still such courage shows,
That none into his mortal gripe dare close :

So an old Bustard, maim'd yet loth to yeild,
Duels the Fowler in New-Market field.

Bat since he found it was in vain to fight,
He imps his plumes the best he can for flight.
This, Painter, were a Noble Task to tell,
What indignation his Great Brest did swell !

Not Vertuous Men unworthily abus'd,
Not Constant Lover without causerefus'd,
Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
Hift off the Stage, nor Sinners in despair ;
Not Parents mockt, nor Favorites disgrac'd,
Not Rump by Monk or Oliver diffas'd,
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates ere they die,
Feel half the Rage of Generals when they Fly.

Ah rather than transmit th' story to Fame,
Draw Curtains, Gentle Artist, o'er the shame :
Cashier the mem'ry of Dateil, rais'd up
To taste, instead of Death, his Highnes Cup :
And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
How Bartlet, as he long deserv'd, was shot ;
Though others, that survey'd the Corps so clear,
Said he was onely petrifi'd for fear :
If so, th'hard Statue Mummi'd without Gom,
Might the Dutch Balm have spar'd, & English Tomb ?
Yet if thou wilt, paint MINNS turn'd all to Soul,
And the Great HARMAN charkt almost to Coal ;

D

And

And *JORDAIN* old, worthy thy Pencils pain,
 Who all the while held up the Ducal Train :
 But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
 He quit the Prince to embarque in *Loeuenstein* ;
 And wounded Ships, which we immortal boast,
 Now first led cap'ive to an Hostile Coast.
 But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,
 Conceal (as Honour wou'd) his Grace's Bum,
 When the rude Bullet a large Collop tore
 Out of that Buttock never turn'd before :
 Fortune (it seems) would give him by that Lash,
 Gentle correction for his fight so rash.
 But shou'd the Rump perceive't, they'd say that *Mars*
 Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle's* Arse.
 The long disaster better o'er to vail,
 Paint onely *Zona* three days in the Whale ;
 For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
 Our flying Gen'ral in his spungy Jaw.
 Then draw the youthful *Perses* all in haste,
 From a Sea-Best to free the Virgin chaste ;
 But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
 Nor with the *Gorgon* shielded at his need :
 So *Rapert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
 But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid ;
 And though arriving late, he quickly miss'd
 Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
 Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
 Of the cold Chaos, and half eternal Night,
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,
 Or run to spy the next years Fleet from shore,
 Hoping yet once within the Oyly side
 Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide :
 As our glad Fleet, with universal shout,
 Salute the Prince, and wish the second bout.

Nor Winds, long pris'ners in Earth's hollow vault,
The fallow Seas so eagerly assault ;
*A*s fiery RUPERT, with revengeful Joy,
Doth on the Dutch his hungry Courage droy ;
But soon Unrigg'd, lay like an useless Board ;
(As wounded in the Wrist, Men drop their Sword.)
VVhen a propitious Cloud between us slept,
And in our aid did RUYTER intercept.
Old Homer yet did never introduce,
To save his Heret, Mists of better use.
VVorship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise ;
This Mist doth more deserve our sacrifice.

Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
And Court-Gazzets, our empty Triumphs tell !
*A*ss ! the time draws near, when overturn'd,
The lying Bells shall through the Tongues be burn'd,
Paper shall want to print that Lie of State,
*A*nd our false Fires, true Fires shall expiate.

Stay Painter, here a while, and I will stay ;
Nor vex the future Times with my survey :
Seest not the Monky Dutchess ail unrest ?
Paint thou but her, and she will paint the rest,
This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of Persian Loom :
*L*ike chaste Penelope that ne'er did rove,
But made all fine agaist her GEORGE came home,
Upon a Ladder, in her Coat, much shorter,
She stood, with Groom & Coachman for Supporter,
*A*nd careless what they saw, or what they thought,
With Honi Pense full honestly she wrought :
One Enter drove, to lose no time nor place,
*A*l once the Ladder they rem'ye, and Grace.
VVhilst thus they her translate from North to East,
In posture juft of a four-footed Beast ;

She heard the News : but alter'd yet no more,
 Than that which was behind, sheturn'd before,
 Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
 Which pocketoul did to her Neck prefer,
 She shed no tears, for she was too viraginous,
 But only snuffling her Trunk Cartilaginous,
 From scaling Ladder she began a story,
 Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori* ;
Arraigning past, and present, and future,
With a Prophetick, if not Fieably Fury :
 Her Hair began to creep, her Belly sound,
 Her Eyes to sparkle, and her Udder bound ;
Half Witch, half Prophet ; thus the Albemarle,
Like Presbyterian Sybil, gan to snarl :

Traitors bor' h to my Lord, and to the King !
 Nay now it is beyond all suffering !
 One valiant Man by Land, and he must be
 Commanded out to stop their leaks at Sea :
 Yet send him *Rupert*, as an Helper meet ;
 First the Commaad dividing, then the Fleet :
 One may if they be beat, or both be hit,
 Or if they over-come, yet Honours split :
But reck'ning GEORGE already knock'd i'ch' head,
They cut him out like Bief, ere he be dead :
 Each for a Quarter hopes ; the first doth skip,
 But shall fall soot though, at the Generals hip :
 Next they for Master of the Horse agree ;
 A third the Cock-pit begs ; not any Me :
 But they shall know, ay marry shall they do,
 That who the Cock-pit hath, shall have Me too.
 I told George first, as Calamy told me,
 If the King brought these o'er, how it would be :
 Men that there pick his pocket to his face,
 And sell Intelligence to buy a place.

That

T at their Relig^{on}'s pawn'd for Cloathes; nor care,
'Tis run so long now, to redeeme't, nor dare,
O what egreg'ous Loyalty to cheat !.
O what Fidelity it was to eat !
Whilst *Langdales, Heptons, Glenhams*: flay'd abtoad
And here true Roy^{al}ists sink beneath their load.
Men that did there affront, defame, betray
The King, and so do here; now who but they !
What ! say I Men ! nay rather Monsters; Men
Onely in Bed, nor to my knowledge then.
See how they home return'd in Revel Rout,
With the small mannersthat they first went out:
Not better grown, nor wiser all the while,
Renew the causes of their first Exile:
As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.
First they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave Good George a Gen^{eral}s empty Name:
Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix
With Discontents, to content Twenty Six:
The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,
For Bishops Voices silencing the Word:
O Barthol'mew ! Saint of their Kalender !
What's worrie, th' Ejection, or the Massacre ?
Then Culpepper, Gloster, and th' Princess dy'd;
Nothing can live that interupts an Hise.
O more than humane GLOSTER ! Fate did shew
Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.
Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.
Barkley that I wore as oft as he had Toes,
Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose,
Just as the first French Cardinal could restore
Maidenhead to his Widdow, Nicce, and Who^e.

For Portion, if she shoulde prove light, when weigh'd,
Four Millions shall within three years be paid,
 To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*.

As if 'twere nothing but *Tara--Tan--Tar* :
 Abroad all Princes disobliging first,
 At home all Parties but the very worst.

To tell of *Ireland, Scotland, Dunkirk*, 's sad ;
 Or the Kings marrage : but he thinks I'm mad :
 And sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,

If we the King wish *Monk*, or *Queen a Nun*.
 But a Dutch *VV*a shall all these Rumours fill,
 Bleed out thele *Humours*, and our *Purses* fill ;
 Yet after four days *Fight*, they clearly saw
 'T was too much danger for a Son-in-Law :
 Hire him to leave, for six score thousand pound :
 So with the Kings Drums Men for sleep compound.
 But modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree
 With the State-Prudence, to do less than He :
 And to excuse their timerousness and sloth,
 They found how *George* might now be less than *boek*

First *Smith* must for *Legorn*, with force enough
 To venture back again, but not go through :
Beaufort is there, and to their dazzling Eyes
 The distance more the Objēt magnifies ;
 Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time should lose,
 And for my Duke too, cannot interpose.
 But fearing hat our *Navy*, *George* to break,
 Might yet not be sufficiently weak ;
 The Secretary, that had never yet
 Intelligence, but from his own *Gazzet*,
 Discovers a great secret, fit to sell,
 And pays himself for't, ere he would it tell ;
Beaufort is in the Channel ; Hixy here !
 'Oxxy Thonks ! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.

Herewith assembling the supreme Divan,
Where enters none but Devil, *NED*, and *NAN*;
And upon this pretence they straight design'd
The Fleet to separate, and the *Worl* to blind:
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the *Ven*ch
Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French*.
To write the *Order*, *Bristol's Clerk* is chose,
One slit in's Pen, the other in his Nose;
For he first brought the News, it is his place;
He'll see the *Fleet* divided like his Face,
And through the cranny in his grisly part,
To the *Dutch Chink* Intelligence impart.
The Plot succeeds: the *Dutch* in haste prepar'd,
And poor *Peel-Garlick George's Arse* they shar'd;
And then presuming of his certain wiack,
To help him late, they send for *Rupert* back.
Officious Will seem'd fitter, as afraid
Left George should look too far into his trade.
At the first draught they pause with Statesmens care;
They write it foul, then copy it as fair;
And then compare them, when at last its sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find.
At night he sends it by the common Post,
To save the King of an Express the cost.
Lord, what ado to pack one Letter herce!
Some Patents pass with less circumference.
Well George, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside;
For as to Reputation, this Retreat
Of thine exceeds their Victories so great:
Nor shalt thou stir from thence, by my consent,
Till thou hast made the *Dutch* and *Them*:epent.
'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gilt,
But as I oft have done, I'll make a Shift;

Nor will I with vain pomp accost the shore,
 To try thy valour at the Buoy i'th' Nore.
 Fall to thy work there, George, as I do here ;
 Cherish the Valiant up, Cowards cashier :
 See that the Men have Pay, and Bief, and Beer,
 Find out the cheats of the four Millioneer.
 Out of the very Beer, they sell the Malt ;
 Powder of Powder, from powder'd Bief the Salt.
 Put thy hand to the Tab ; instead of Oxe,
 They victual with French Pork that hath the Pox.
 Never such Cotqueans by small Arts to wring,
 Ne'er such ill Huswives in the managing !
 Purrsers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
 Marr'ners on shore less madly spend their pay.
 See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil
 All their Sea-market, and their Cable-coyl.
 Look that Good Chaplains on each ship do wait,
 Nor the Sea-Dioceſſ be inappropriate :
 Look to the sick and wounded Pris'ners ; all
 Is prize ; they rob even the Hospital.
 Recover back the Prizes too ; in vain
 We fight, it all be taken that is ta'en.
 Now by our Coast the Dutchmen, like a Flight
 Of feeding Ducks, ev'ning and moring light ;
 How our Land-Helots tremble, void of ſenſe,
 As if they came straight to transport them hence :
 Some Sheep are Stoln ; the Kingdom's all arraid,
 And ev'n a Presbyters now call'd out for aid.
 They wiſh ev'n George diuided to command,
 On half of Him at Sea, th' other on Land.
 What say's that I ſee ! Ah 'tis my George agen !
 As ſoone they ſeaven weeks have Rigg'd him then,
 The noxious Heav'ns with Lightning him surrounds,
 And o'er him, and his Name in Thunder ſounds.

But with the same swift goes, Their Navy's near :
So ere we hunt, the Keeper shoots the Deer,
Stay Heav'n awhile, and thou shalt see him sail,
And George too, he can thunder, lighten, hail.
Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,
The sword of England, and the *Holland Scourge*.
Avaunt *Rotterdam-Dog*, *Ruyter* avaunt,
Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant.
I'll teach thee to shoot Scissers : I'll repair
Each Rope thou lofest, *George*, out of this Hair.
'Tis strong and coarse enough ; I'll hem this shift,
Ere thou shalt lick a Sail, and lie adrift :
Bring home the old ones ; *I again will sew,*
~~And~~ *darn them up*, to be as good as new.

What twiced disabled ! Never such a thing !
Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the *King*,
Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, ere all be gone ;
Though Jury-Masts, thou'lt Jury-Buttocks none.
Courage ! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyters* face !
They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
But they discard their *Trump* : our *Tramp* is *Hid*.
Where are you now, *De Ruyter*, with your Bears ?
See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.
Fire out the Wasps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
Cramm'd with the Honey of our English Bees.
Ah now they're paid for *Guinney* : ere they steer
To the Gold Coast, they find it hotter here.
Turn all your ships to stoves ere you set forth,
To warm your Traffique in the frozen North.
Ah *Sandwich* ! had thy Conduct been the same,
Berg-en had seen a less but richer Flame ;
Nor *Ruyter* liv'd a new Battel to repeat,
An i oftner beaten be, than we can beat.

Scarce had George leisure, after all his pain,
 To tie his breeches; Ruyter's cut again:
 Three in one year! Why sure this Man is wood;
 Bras'd him like sleek-tish, or he'd ne'er begood.
 I see them both again proprieitry;
 They first shoot through each other with the Eye.
 Then — Put the Ruling Providence that in it
 With humane project's play, as wind with dust,
 Raises a storm. So Constable a fray
 Knock down; and send them both well cuff'd away.
 Plant now New England Firs in English Oak,
 Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-stroke:
 To get a Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;
 Let longing Princes pine for the Command:
 Strong March-panes! Wafers light! so thin a puff
 Of angry air can ruin all that Huff:
 So Champions having shai'd the Lips and Sun,
 The Judge ithrows down's Award, and they have
(core.)

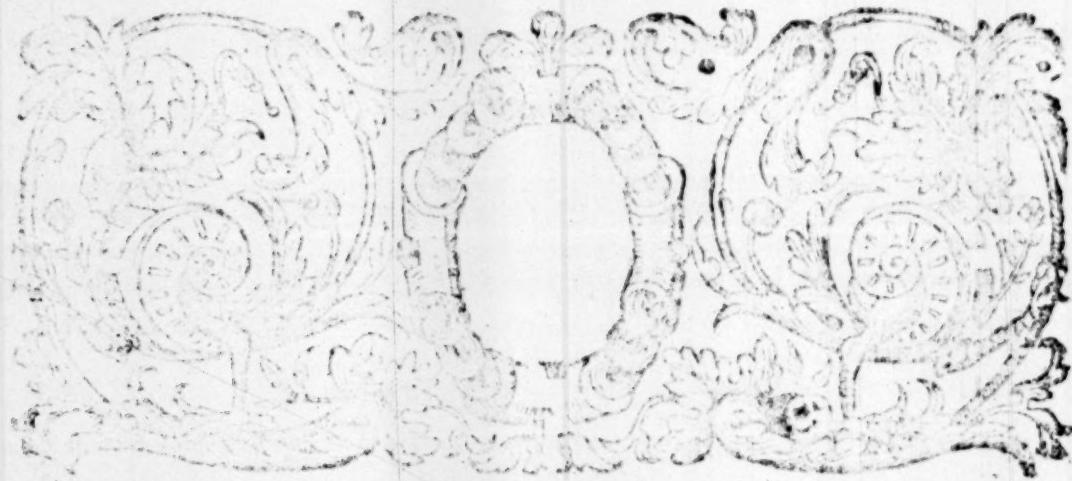
For shame come home, George; 'tis for thee too much
 To fight at once with Heaven and the Dutch.

Woes me! what see I next! alas, the fate
 I see of England, and its utmost date,
 These Flames of thine at which we fondly smile,
 Kindle like Torches our Sepulchral Pile.
 War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire;
 'Tis the War, God the Plague, who rais'd the Fire?
 See how Men all like Ghosts, while London burns,
 Thunder, and each over his Ashes mourns!
 Ours'd be the Man that first begat this War,
 As ill-hom'd, under a Blazing Star.
 For Others spent two Nations fight a Prize;
 Between them both, Religion wounded dies.

So of first Troy, the angry Gods unpaid,
Raz'd the Foundations which themselves had
(laid.)

Welcome, though late, dear George: here hadst thou
We'd scap'd: (let Rupert bring the Navy in.) (bin,
Thou still must help them out, when in the mire;
Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
Now thou art gone, see Bemfort dares approach,
And our Fleet's angling, as to catch a Roach.

Gibson farewell, till next we put to Sea:
Truth is, thou'lt drawn her in Effigie.



TO THE
K I N G.

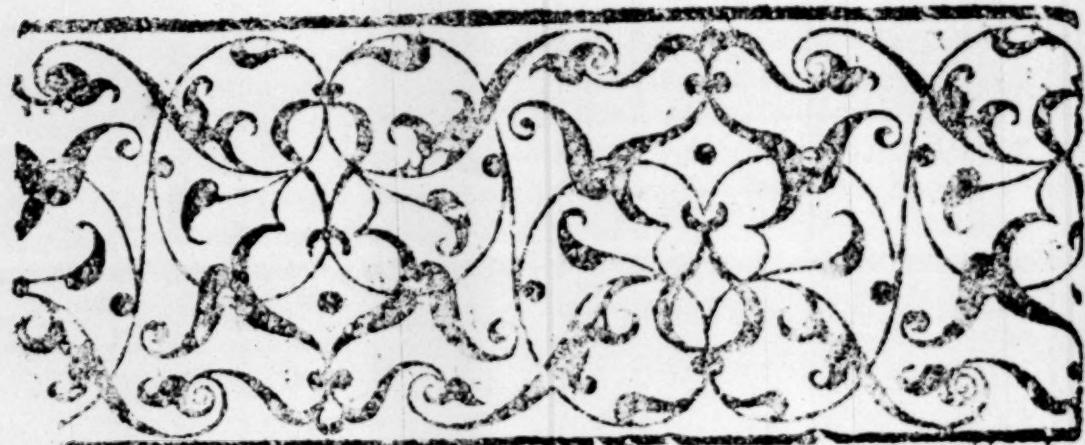
By SIR JOHN DENHAM,

Great Prince! and jo much Greater is more
Wise;
Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our
Eyes;
What Servants will conceal, and Councils spare
To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare,
And the assistance of an heav'ny Muse
And Pencil, represent the Crimes abstruse.
Hercules no Fleet, no Sword, no foreignee;
Only for Thee bedamnd, and Justice flie.
Shakelaw; like Jove, thy Locks aivine, and fioun,
Thy Scorpion will suffice to guard thy Crown.

Hark,

Hark to Cassandra's Song, ere Fate destroy
By thine own Navy's wooden Horse, thy Troy.
As our Apollo, from the Tumulis wave,
And gentle Calms, though but in Oars, will save.
So Philomel her sad Embroidery strung,
And vocal Silks run'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd
The Tragedies of Courts so long conceal'd;
But when restor'd to voice in clos'd with wings
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter sings.

DIRE.



DIRECTIONS
TO A
PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DUNHAM.

Draw England ruin'd by what was giv'n before,
Then draw the Commons flow in giving more :
Too late grown wiser, they their treasure see
Confus'd by fraud, or lost by treachery ;
And vainly now would some account receive
Of those vast sum's which they so idly gave,
And trusted to the management of such
As Dunkirk sold, to make War with the Dutch ;
Dunkirk, design'd once to a Nobler Use,
Than to erect a joky Lawyer's House.

Bu

But what account could they from th' o'f expect,
Who se grow rich themselves, the State neglect :
Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got ;
Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,
VVhere either Birth or Merit find a place.
Plague, Fire and VVar, have been the Nations curse,
But to have these our Rulers, is a worse :
Yet draw these Canlers of the Kingdoms we,
Still urging dangers from our growing Foe,
Asking new Aid for VVar with the same face,
As it, when givⁿ, they meant not to make Peace.
Meanwhile they cheat the Publick with such halfe,
They will have nothing that may easie it, past.
The Law^e gainst Irish Cattel they condemn,
As shewing distrust of th' King, that is, of them.
Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,
Or Money want, which were the greater ill.
And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,
Imperfectly to speak the Chanc'lers thought,
In which, as if no Age could parallel
A Prince and Council that had ru'd so well,
He tells the Parliament He cannot brook
VVhat ere in them like Jealousie doth look :
Adds, That no Grievances the Nation load,
while we're i'ndone at home, despis'd abroad.
Thus past the Irish, with the Money-Bill,
The first not half so good, as i' either ill.
With these new Millions might we not expect
Our Foes to vanquish; or of selves profit,
If not to keep them off unlimed Seas,
At least to force an horridable Peace ?
But through the angry face, or folly rather,
Of our perverted State, all weas either,

Could

Could we hope less than to defend our Shores,
Than guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships & Stores?
We hop'd in vain : Of these, remaining are,
Not what we sav'd, but what the Dutch did spare.
Such was our Ruler's generous stratagem ;
A policy worthy of none but them.

After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation :
They rise, and now a Treaty is confess'd,
Gainst which before these State-Cheats did protest :
A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
Theirs, not the Kingdom's Intrest, is their care.
Our fathers of old, thought Arms the way to Peace ;
But since such thread-bare Policies as these :
Are better designed for the State's defence,
Than to provide for their own expence :
Or if from us as they any thing can spare,
Is to buy Peace, nor maintain a War :
For which the world's Embassadors must go
With bare-film'd hands to our arming foe :
Thus leaving a defenceless State behind,
Whilst Foes prepared by the Belgians find ;
Against it none upon earth can us defend,
Whilst our great Policies here depend
Upon the Dutch good Nature : For when Peace
(Say they) is made, Alls of War must cease.
Thus were we by the name of Truce betray'd,
Though by the Dutch nothing like it was made.

Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a story
Claiming our warlike Islands ancient Glory :
A scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
Since oft full Ships were on the Ocean steer'd ;
Like the Dutch here, while we supinely sleep,
Without Opposers, Master of the Deep :

Make

Make them securely the *Thames* mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and Trade :
Draw Thunder from their floating Castles, sent
Against our Forts, weak as our Government :
Draw *Mallage, Deptford, London, and the Tower,*
Meanly abandon'd to a forreign Power.
Yet turn their first attempt another way,
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play ;
Which soon destroy'd, their lofty Vessels ride
Big with the hope of the approaching Tide :
Make them more help from our Remisness find,
Than from the Tide, or from the Eastern wind.
Their Canvas swelling with a prosp'rous gale,
Swift as our fears make them to *Chattam* sail : (way,
Through our weak Chain their Fireships break their
And our Great Ships (unman'd) become their prey :
Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd cost,
At once our Honour and our Safety lost :
Bury those Bulwarks of our Isle in smoak,
While their thick flames the neighb'ring Country
The *Charles* escapes the raging Element, (choak.
To be with triumph into *Holland* sent ;
Where the glad People to the shore resore,
To see their Terror now become their Sport,
But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before .
Thou paint'st Confusion on our troubled shore :
Instruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
The saddest Marks of an ill-govern'd State.
Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all command,
While some with horror and amazement stand :
Others will know no Enemy but they
Who have unjustly robb'd them of their pay :
Boldly refusing to oppose a fire,
To kindle which our Errors did conspire :

Some (though but few) perswaded to obey,
Use less for want of ammunition stay :
The Forts design'd to guard our ships of War,
Void both of Powder and of Bullets are :
And what past Reigns in peace did ne'er omit,
The present (whilst invaded) doth forget.

Surpassing *Chatham*, make Whitehall appear,
If not in danger, yet at least in fear.
Make our dejection (if thou canst) seem more
Than our pride, sloth, and ign'rance did before :
The King, of danger now shews far more fear,
Than he did ever to prevent it, care : .
Yet to the City doth himself convey,
Bravely to shew he was not Run away :
Whilst the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry's*
Are onely acted on our Theatres: (Wars,

Our States-Men finding no expedient,
(if fear of danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace ;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Disease :
But Painter, end not, till it does appear
Which most, the Dutch or Parliament they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid :
So our Great Prince, when the Dutch *Fleet* arriv'd,
Saw his ships burnt; and as they burnt, he — —



DIRECTIONS

TO A

PINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

PAINTER, VVhere waſt thy former work
did ceafe?

Oh 'twas at Parliament, and the brave
Peace!

Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace all know
brings Plenty withit: wish it be not *Woe*.

Draw Coats of Pageantry, and Proclamations
of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.
Canſt thou not on the Change make Merchants grin
like outward smiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?

Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not saign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit disdain.

Draw a brave Standard, rustling at a rate
Much other than it did for Chatbams fate.
The Tow'r-Gu'ss too, thundring their Joys, that they
Have scap'd the danger of b'ing ta'en away :
These, as now mann'd, for triumph are, not fight :
As painted fire for show, not heat or light.

Amongst the Roar of these, and the mad shout
Of a poor nothing-understanding Rout,
That think the On-and-Off-Peace now is true,
Thou might'st draw Mourners for Black Bartbet.
Mourners in Sies ! Oh 'tis not to be (new)
Discover'd, draw a Curtain curteously
To hide them. Now proceed to draw at night
A Bonfire here and there ; but none too bright,
Nor lasting : for 'twas Brushwood, as they say,
VVhich they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.

But stay, I had forgot my Mother : Draw
The Church of England 'mongst thy Operas,
To play their part too ; or the Dutch will say
In War and Peace they've born the Bells away.
At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
Anthon' other end draw Quires, Fe Deum singing ;
Between them leave a space for Tears : Remember
That 'tis not long to th' Second of September.

Now if thou skill'st prospective Landskip, draw
At distance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er saw :
Pulson, Spicy Islands, Rio, or Gaineys ;
Syrenaze, Nova Scotia, or Virginia ?
No, no, I mean not these ; pray hold your laughter
These things are far off, not worth looking after :
Give not a hint of these : Draw Highland, Lowland
Mountains and Plains : Draw Scotland first, the
Holland,

See, canst thou ken the Scots frowns? Then draw
 That somthing had to get, but nought to lose. (chofe
 Canst thou through foggs discern the Dutchmen drink
Buss-Skippers, lately Capers, stamp to think
 Their Catching-craft is over: some have ta'en,
 To eke their *VVar*, a *VVarrant* from the *Dane*.
 But passing these, their Statesmen view awhile,
 In ev'ry graver countenance a smile:
 Copy the piece there done, wherein you'll see
 One laughing out, *I told you how't would be!*

Draw next a pompous Interchange of Seals
 But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
 Before he knows them: Now for this take light
 From him that did describe Sir *Edward*'s fight:
 You may perhaps the truth on't doubt; what tho?
 You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
 Then draw our Lords Commissioners advance,
 Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*;
 There to parlier awhile, until they see
 How things in Parliament resented be.

So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament:
 A petty Session draw: With what content,
 Guess by their countenance who came up post,
 And quickly saw they had their labour lost:
 Like the small Merchants when they Bargains sell;
 Come hither *Jack*: What say? Come kiss: farewell.
 But 'twas abortive, born before its day;
 No wonder then it dy'd so soon away.
 Yet breath'd it once, and chat with such a force,
 It blasted Thirty Thousand Foot and Horse.
 As once *Prometheus* man did sneez so hard,
 As routed all that new-rais'd Standing Guard
 Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
 Down fall our New Gallants without a Foe.

But if this little one could do so much,
 What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch,
 Thou know how; if not, leave a great space,
 Or great things to be pourtray'd in their place,
 Now draw the shadow of a Parliament,
 As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent:
 Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for shades will fright,
 Especially if it be an English Sprite:
 Vermilion this mans guilt, ceruse his fears;
 Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
 Another thoughtsome on Accounts, to see
 How his Disbursements with Receipts agree.
 Peep into Coaches, see Perriwigs neglected,
 Cross'd arms and legs of such as are suspected,
 Or d's suspect what's coming, and foresee
 Themselves faust share in this Polutropy.

Painter, hast travell'd? Didst thou e'er see Rome?
 That fam'd piece there, *Angelo's Day of Doom?*
 Horrors and anguish of Descenders there,
 May teach thee how to paint Descenders here,
 Canst thou describe the empty shifts are made,
 Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade?*
 Some shift their Crimes, some Places; and among
 The rest, some will their Countreys too, ere long.
 Draw in a corner Gamesters, shuffling, cutting,
 Their little crafts, no wit, together putting:
 How to pack Knaves 'mongst Kings and Queens, to
 A saving Game, whill Heads are at the stake: (make
 But cross their Cards, until it be confess,
 Of all the play, fair dealing is the best.
 Draw a Veil of Displeasure, one to Hide,
 And some prepar'd to strike a blow on's side,
 Let him that built high, now creep low to shelter,
 When Darentaces must tumble, *Helter Skelter.*

The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit ;
Such Marks as these could not chuse but be hit :
The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone ; Bartholomew day,
Of all the days i'th' year, they're ta'en away.
The Purse, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
Mitre ; I wish not so, though to my Brother :
I care not for Translation to a See,
Unless they would translate to Italy.

Now draw a Sail playing before the wind,
From the North-West ; that which it leaves behind,
Curses or out-cries, mind them not, till when
They do appear Realities, and then . . .
Spare not to paint them in their Colours, though
Crimes of a Viceroy : Deputies have so
Been serv'd e'er now. But if the Man prove true,
Let him, with Pharaoh's Butler, have his due,
Make the same wind blow strong against the shore
Of France, to hinder some from coming o'er.
And rather draw the Golden Vessel burning,
Even there, then hither with her fraught returning.
Tis true the Noble Treasurer is gone :
Wise, faithful, loyal ; some say th' onely one :
Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind
Can steer our Vessel without Southern Wind.

Women have grossly snar'd the wisest Prince
That ever was before, or hath been since :
And Granham Athaliah in that Nation,
Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
Paint in a new Piece painted Jezebel :
Giv't to adorn the Dining Room of Hell :
Hang by her others of the Gang ; for more —
Deserve a place with Rosamond, Jane Shore, &c.

Stay, Painter ; now look here's below a space,
I'th' bottom of all this, what shall we place ?

Shall

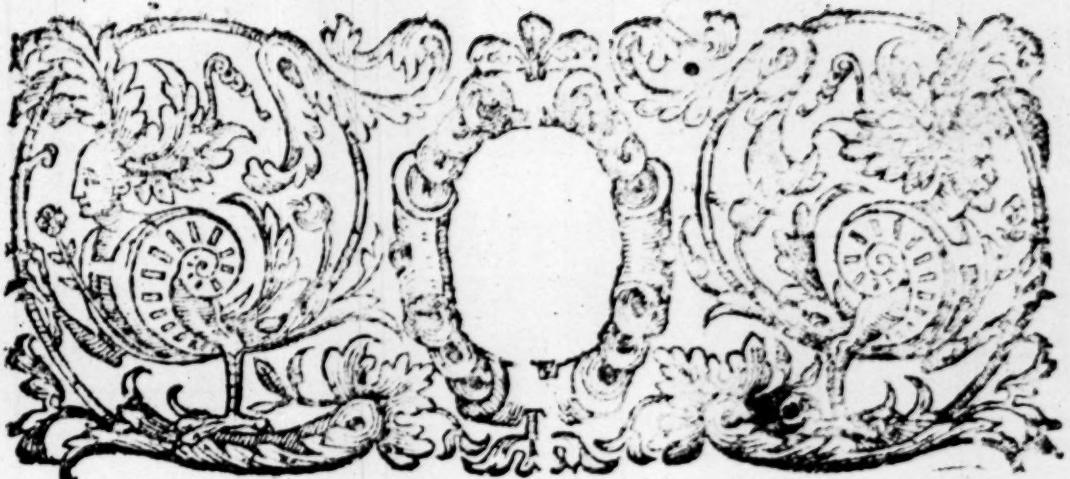
Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
Let the Resolve write *Nescio*. So have done.

Expose thy Piece now to the world to see:
Perhaps they'll say of It, of Thee, of Me,
Poems and Paints can speake sometimes Bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are Licentious Youths.

*Quae sequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, a nescio
quo nebulae scripta, reperibantur.*

Bella fugis, Bellas sequeris, Belloq; repugnas
Et Bellatori, sunt tibi Bella Thor
Imbelles Imbelliæ amas, Audaxq; videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad Arma Venus.

Clarin-



Clarindon's H O U S E - W A R M I N G:

When Clarindon had discern'd beforehand,
(As the Cause can eas'ly foretel the
Effect)

At once three Deluges threatening our Land ;
'Twas the season he thought to turn Architect.

Uis Mars, and Apollo, and Vulcan consume ;
While he the Betrayer of England and Flander,
Like the King-fisher chuseth to build in the Broom,
And nestles in flames like the Salamander.

G

But

But observing that Mortals run often behind,
 (So unreasonable are the rates they buy-at)
 His Omnipotence therefore much rather design'd
 How he might create a House with a Fiat.

He had read of *Rhadope*, a Lady of *Thrace*,
 Who was dig'd up so often ere she did marry ;
 And wish'd that his Daughter had had as much grace
 To erect him a Pyramid out of her Quarry.

But then recollecting how the Harper *Amphyon*
 Made *Tkebes* dance aloft while he fiddled and sung,
 He thought (as an Instrument he was most free on)
 To build with the Jews-trump of his own tongue.

Yet a President fitter in *Virgil* he found,
 Of *African Poultry*, and *Tyrian Dide*,
 That he begg'd for a Pallace so much of his ground,
 As might carry the measure and name of an *Hyde*.

Thus dayly his Gouty Inventions he pain'd,
 And all for to save the expences of Brickbat,
 That Engine so fatal, which *Denham* had brain'd.
 And too much resembled his Wives Chocolatte.

But while these devices he all doth compare,
 None solid enough seem'd for his strong *Castor* ;
 He himself would not dwell in a Castle of air,
 Though he had built full many a one for his Master.

Already he had got all our Money and Cattel,
 To buy us for slaves, and purchase our Lands ;
 What *Joseph* by Famine, he wrought by Sea-Battel
 Nay scarce the Priests portion could scape from
 his hands.

And

And hence like *Pharaoh* that *Israel* prest
To make Mortar and Brick, yet allow'd them no
He car'd not though *Egypt's* Ten Plagues us distract,
So he could to build but make Policy Law.

The *Scotch* Forts & *Dunkirk*, but that they were sold,
He would have demolish'd to raise up his Walls;
Nay ev'n from *Tangier* have sent back soft the mold,
But that he had nearer the Stones of *St. Pauls*.

His Wood would come in at the easierrate,
So long as the Yardshad a Deal or a Spar:
His Friend in the Navy would not be ingrate, (War,
To grudge him some Timber who fram'd him the

To proceed in the Model he call'd in his *Allons*,
The two *Allons* when jovial, who ply him with
(gallons,
The two *Allons* who serve his blind Justice forbala-
(lance,
The two *Allons* who serve his Injustice for Tallons,

They approve it thus far, and said it was fine ;
Yet his Lordship to finish it would be unsele ;
Unless all abroad he divulg'd the design,
For his House then would grow like a Vegetable.

His Rent would no more in arrear run to *Worster* ;
He should dwell more noble, and cheap too at-
(home,
While into a fabrick the Presents would muster ;
As by hook and by crook the world clutter'd of
(Atome.

He lik'd the advice, and then soon it assay'd ; (ple :
 And Presents croud headlong to give good exam-
 So the Tribes overlaid her that *Rome* once betray'd ;
 The Tribes ne'er contributed so to the Temple.

Straight Judges, Priests, Bishops, true sons of the Seal,
 Sinners, Governors, Farmers, Barquers, Patentees.
 Being in the whole Mite of a year at a meal, (Cheese
 As the Chedder Clubs Dairy to the incorporate

Bullicakes, Beakns, Morley, Vvrens fingers with tel-
 ling
 Were shriveled, and Clutterbuck, Eagers & Kips ;
 Since the Act of Oblivion was never such selling,
 As at this Benevolence out of the Snips.

Twas then that the Chimney-Contractors he smoak'd,
 Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind :
 But he swore that the Patent shou'd ne'er be revok'd ;
 No, would the whole Parliament kill him behind.

Like Jove under *Etna* o'erwhelming the Gyant,
 For foundation the Bristol sunk in the Earth's
 (bowel ;
 And St. John must now for the Leads be compliant,
 Or his right hand shall else be cut off. with the
 (Trowel.

For surveying the building, Prat did thefeat ;
 But for the expence he rely'd upon Worstenholm,
 Who late heretofore at the Kings Receipt ;
 Did receiv'd now and paid the Chancellours Cu-
 (stoms.

By

By Subsidies thus both Clerick and Laick,
And with matter profane, cemented with holy,
He finish'd at last his Palace Mosaick,
By a Model more excellent than *Lesly's* Folly.

And upon the *Tarris*, to consummate all,
A Lanthorn, like *Faux's* surveys the burnt Town,
And shews on the top by the Regal Gilt Ball,
VWhere you are to expect the Scepter and Crown

Fond City, its Rubbish and Ruines that bailds,
Like vain Chymists, a flower from its ashes red
(turning ;
Your Metropolis House is in St James's Fields,
And till there you remove, you shall never leave
burning

This Temple, of War and of Peace is the Shrine;
Where this Idol of State sits ador'd and accurst:
And to hardsel his Altar and Nostrils divine,
Great Buckingham's Sacrifice must be the first.

Now some (as all Builders must censure abide)
 Throw dust in its *Front*, and blame situation;
And others as much reprehend his *Backside*,
 As too narrow by far for his expatiation.

But do not consider how in process of times,
That for Name-sake he may with Hyde Park it en-
large,
And with that convenience he soon for his Crimes
At Tybourn may land, and spare the Tower-
Barge,

Qx

Or rather how wisely his Stall w-s built near,
 Let with driving too far his Tallow in pair;
 When like the good Oxe, for publick good chear,
 He comest to be roazted next St. James's Fair.

Upon his House.

Here lies the sacred Bones
 Of Paul beguiled of his Stones;
 Here lie Golden Briberies,
 The price of ruin'd Families:
 The Cavaliers Debenter-Wall,
 Fixt on an Eccentrick Basis;
 Here's Dunkirk-Town and Tangier-Hall,
 The Queens Marriage and all;
 The Dutchman's Templem Pacis.

Upon his Grand-Children.

Kendal is dead, and Cambridge riding post?
 What fitter Sacrifice for Denham's Ghost?

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